

The Desert TO THE TRUE AMERICAN.

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VOL. I.

CATHLAVA.—AN ERSE POEM.

"*Orran.* Thou sittest by thine one grey stone; son of Arar, thy harp lies silent by thy side; why dost thou not praise the departed! Around thee they hover as clouds, about the place of their rest; but no voice is heard but the whistling trees and murmuring brook. Why so silent, son of Arar, when the sons of fame are around thee?"

"*Son of Arar.* Thou knowest the fame of the departed Orran; the deeds of other times teem on thy soul. Take thou the harp, and let the bard of youth hear the song, that he may pour its light on future times, lest their name be forgot on their hills, when thy harp is hung in thy silent hall, and thy voice of music cease, like the murmurs of the evening breeze that die away in the silence of night.

"*Orran.* My voice shall cease, and my harp ere long, shall be silent; but their fame shall not be forgotten. Thou mayest listen to their praise, and leave it to the bards that come behind thee.

"On these hills lived Dumor of Spears, his daughter of beauty moved graceful on his hills, and her harp was the joy of his hall. Lava saw the maid and loved her. His arm was strong in the wars of Dumor. He promised him the fair Sulmina; but the maid refused his love, and gave her heart to Ronnan. Ronnan, of the fair hair and mildest look, whose dwelling stood by the stream of Struthoman. He heard of Sulmina's grief, and sent his scout to bring her to his hills. She went with the son of night; but Lava met them on the lonely heath. An oak, and a thousand thongs confine the scout; a dark-wombed ship receives the maid. Loud were her cries as they bounded over the ridgy waves—Ronnan, relieve me; O Ronnan, relieve thy love!—But he hears thee not, hapless maid; by the side of a stream he sits thinking thou dost come.

"What detains thee, Sulmina, so long? what keeps my love from the place of her promise? I listen, but hear not the tread of her foot; 'tis but the breeze rustling in the withered leaf. Long is the night without thee, my love. Why stand you still, ye stars of Heaven? Have you forgot to run your course or are you like me, waiting for your loves? But the night is long, why dost thou forget to rise, sun of the morning? Why dost thou sleep so long in thy secret chambers? Ah, I know it, thou hast met with thy Sulmina, for I see her not in the heavens. You are together, fair lights, and the nights seem short to you; but it is long, long to me, without my own beloved. Lift thy head sun of the morn-

ing, and shine on Sulmina; lighten my love to the place of her promise."

"The morning came at length, but brought not his beloved. He saw a cloud rise before him. It had the form of Sulmina. He ran to grasp it, but a blast came and passed through its airy limbs. It vanished; Ronnan feared the sign, and went to the aged Senar.

"Under the awful shade of his oak he stands, leaning on a staff; his head of age stoops to the ground, his grey locks hang down his breast, and his dim eyes are fixed on the earth; but his soul is mixed with the spirits of air, and his converse is with ghosts.

"What seest thou of my love, said Ronnan, what seest thou of Sulmina?" "I see said the aged, a youth tied to an oak. A vessel rides the wave; Sulmina pours her voice on the sea. Her cries are loud in mine ear." "Sad is thy tale to me," said Ronnan, "thou hast not heard it all," said Senar.

"Mournful the chief retired; with his spear he struck the boss of his shield. His youths heard the sound, and we poured from all our hills to the stream of our chief. We passed the night in silence, for great was the grief of Ronnan. No harp was heard; no feast was spread; no oak gave its glimmering light. But cold, drooping, and dark, we sat till day arose in the east. With morning we rushed to the deep, and with night found our host on the shore of Lava. Dark and cold was that night, son of Arar, and unsheltered was the place of our rest in the land of strangers. The obscured stars were seen at times through their parted clouds. Some observed their colour of blood, and feared the sign; frequent was the howling of ghosts, and many heard the spirits of their fathers lamenting the approaching fall of their children.

"Ronnan sat by a mossy stone, leaning on the shields of his fathers. I sang at times the tales of old, and the deeds of his father, when he fought on the coast of Ullin, with Commar of many hills. 'Cease said the chief, thy song, till the day shall light me to Lava; for my wrath against his race is kindled at the mention of the wars of Ullin. It was there his father pursued the deer of our hills, and fought my early death, when I could not lift up the sword to defend me. One of his men had pity on my youth, and saved me; but our arms are still in his halls, for my father did not live to demand them. The race of Lava has always been our foes. How long shall we let them go unpunished? But what low and broken voice is that from the heath? Dost thou not see that aged warrior drawing near us? A little boy leads that hand which was wont to hold the massy shield, and the spear, formed into a staff, supports the other. Every little rill stops his pace, and the lowly

heath causeth his feeble knees to stumble. Who art thou, aged wanderer of the night; and why so late on the lonely heath? Hast thou too lost the delight of thy soul, or hast thou cause of grief like me?"

"*Old Man.* 'I thought I heard a voice. Thou knowest, my child, the voice of thy father; was it not he calling to me to follow him to the place of his repose?"

"*Youth.* 'No; my father's voice was sweet like thine own; and you know he would come to meet thee, and call me, as he was wont, his little hero. No; I will lead you home again, for these are strangers, though they have arms like my father's."

"*Old Man.* 'And dost thou see their arms? Then they are sent by Lava to seek our lives. To mine they are welcome; but canst thou fly, my child? No, thou canst not; and if thou couldst, it were base. No, the place is good, my child; are we not at the tomb of thy father? let them open it, and we ourselves will lie in it."

"*Ronnan.* 'Peace be to the aged!' said Ronnan, as he took him by the hand. 'We are not come from Lava, neither are we of his friends. But rest thou here, and tell the cause of thy grief, and our arms shall defend thee."

"*Old Man.* 'And here I will rest; it is the clay cold dwelling of my son, and I am come with his only child to mourn over it. How silent under this peaceful stone art thou now, my son, that wast wont to rear through the field of battle! Thy tongue of music, now is it become mute, and thy arm of strength is stiff and cold as the clods that lie beside it! But one sun has run his course, since thou didst rejoice like him in thy strength, and gladden the eager eyes, of thy father. Like him too, darkness, thick darkness, hath now obscured thy face. Yet his light shall return, and he will again rejoice. But, when shall thy long, long night be over? When shall the slumberer of the tomb arise from his dark and silent dwelling? You weep, strangers, for my son; I know you are not come from Lava. Mourn then with me his untimely fall; for he was brave, and like yourselves, he was kind and generous."

"*Ronnan.* 'Mourn for him we do,' said Ronnan; 'but why is he fallen so soon; was it by the hand of gloomy Lava?"

"*Old Man.* 'It was, and for no fault but friendship. But in this my son was like his fathers. It was the mark of our race, that we stood up, though alone to defend the friendless. When I was strong in my arms of youth, as the tenant of this tomb was late, I attended the father of Lava, when he took the spoils from the halls of Struthoman. My words were loud against him, for the heroes were

absent and there were none to oppose him. One child indeed there was, who scarce could wield a little arrow like a spear: yet, what could he more? He heaved it against the foe; the blunt end of the harmless weapon fell on the foot of Fuarar. The gloomy chief, turned his eye upon the child, and said, 'Hereafter this youth may raise a more dangerous spear against us; let us carry him away and leave him on that desert isle, where we wait for the morning.' We came to the isle, but my soul was grieved for the helpless boy; he admired the brightness of my arms, clung fast to my knee, smiled in my face, and called me father. My heart melted for his fate, and my secret tears fell on his yellow locks. I took him in my arms, though night, and carried him through the waves to his weeping mother. She gave me this spear, and called the name of her child Ronnan*; but since I have not heard of Struthorman, or of the young and lovely Ronnan, till Lava came from the wars of Dumor, and told the mournful maid that loved him, that he left her Ronnan wounded by the stream of his land. My son knew my friendship for Ronnan, and wished he were near to lift the spear of Struthorman in defence of the first that owned it. His words came to Lava's ears, and his people gathered round my son at the feast, when his sword was hung in the hall, and his shield secured by him. This grave may tell the rest. Mark it, strangers; and when you pass, shed a tear above it, and tell it is the tomb of Lamor, and of his father, for I shall soon be laid in it; but if ye know the friends of Ronnan, carry my child to them, that they may defend him, and give them this spear, for they shall know it.

"The sigh burst from the heart of our chief; he fell on the neck of the aged, and told him he was Ronnan. Their mingled tears fell in a shower on the grave of Lamor, as they embraced each other in silent joy. But what noise is that, like the fullen murmurs of a stream, when the storm is going to burst on the hills? It is the foe with their numerous host, their steel faintly glimmers to the dawn of the morning. Ronnan heard the song of battle, and the joy of his countenance returned. He struck his shield, and his heroes at once gathered behind him. As the spirit of night moves with the collected blast of heaven in his course, when he prepares to pour his force on the groves of Ardour, so Ronnan led; so followed his heroes. The noise of battle spread on every side, and the songs of war are heard. Ronnan espies the gloomy Lava, and Lava, sees the rage of Ronnan. Toward each other they bend their course with thousands behind.

"Thou hast seen two black rocks rolling from opposite hills to meet in the valley below, a cloud of smoke rises behind, and follows the track of each. Such was the onset of battle. Swords clash, and shields resound. Heads and helmets fall; blood runs in a thousand streams, and the spirits of fallen heroes ascend on its thin

* Rothonian, through waver; alluding to the manner of his deliverance.

airy smoke. But who can tell the strife of battle? Ronnan and Lava met. They strove like two eagles of heaven when they contend for the prey on the brow of Ardven. From side to side they bound and spring, and pour death in streams from their steel. But see, Lava stoops on his knee; his shield supports the half-fallen chief, and his arm can scarce uplift the sword. 'Yield, said Ronnan, thy sword, and restore Sulmina; I seek not the death of my foes when their arm is weak.'—'Yield, I must,' Lava replied, for my blood is shed, and I feel my life departing. Sulmina must be thine. She rests in her secret cave, near the blue course of a stream behind that towering rock. But let her raise my tomb in this plain; for she was the love of Lava the unhappy.'—He ceased; he sunk on his shield, and his people fled. Ronnan bade us spare them in their flight, as he swift ascended the rock to find the place of Sulmina. The blue stream he found, and the cave on its winding bank; but no Sulmina was there. Where art thou, O Sulmina? My love it is thy Ronnan calls thee! He called; but only the rocks and echoing bank answered to his cries. At length the mournful howling of his dog was heard among the falling foe. Thither he turned, and found Sulmina? She had rushed to the battle to see her Ronnan; but a wandering arrow came and pierced her snowy breast: the sparkling light of her eye was dim, and the rose of her cheek was faded. Ronnan, pale like her own breathless corpse, fell on her neck, and vented in deep mourns his heart-felt anguish. Sulmina half-opened her eyes, but spoke not; she closed them again in peaceful silence, well pleased to see her Ronnan. He brought her over the waves in his ship, and here we raised her mournful tomb. Here too rests the youthful Ronnan, whose arm was once so strong. Mournful and sad, his days were few on the hill. He did not long survive his beloved. Under that moss-clad stone he was laid, where grows the rustling grass, beside his Sulmina. Often when I left here to the glimmering light of the moon, I see the faint forms on its beams, and raise the song in praise of their deeds. Why art thou so silent, son of Arar, when the children of fame are around thee?"

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE VOLUNTARY
BURNING OF SOME MARATTA WOMEN,
IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE DEATHS
OF THEIR HUSBANDS.

As the same actually took place at Poona,
in July 1787.

IT escaped me to mention, in a former address (as I intended), having seen two Maratta women, one about 20, and the other not 30 years old, perform the astonishing ceremony of *Suttee*, or bevolting themselves to the flames, on receiving the news of deaths of their husbands, who died in the army of the disorder then raging in it, and who were in very humble stati-

ons; so that the powerful impression of grief for the loss of a dear friend present to the senses, or the powerful impulse of family pride, cannot have precipitated them to so inconceivable a pitch of enthusiasm.

This horrid and astonishing act is performed by the Maratta woman by throwing herself headlong into a pit about fourteen feet deep, about four of which are filled up with the burning remains of a large quantity of wood, previously put in, and reduced to a fierce fire of embers, for the reception of the victims; and on her precipitating herself into it, after going through various preparatory ceremonies of bathing, circumambulating the pit, &c. large quantities of straw, oil, wood, and other inflammable materials, are thrown on her. At the same instant; a great clamour is raised by the populace, which joined to the sound of trumpets, drums, and the barbarous music which accompanied the procession to the fatal spot, effectually drowns the shrieks of the expiring devotee.

The two in question, who seem to have been closely connected in the bonds of private friendship, threw themselves at the same moment into two pits dug for them close to each other. The method observed by the Bramin women is different: an apartment is made in the funeral pile, in which the body of the deceased is deposited, and into which the victim enters (after performing the requisite ceremonies of ablution, &c.) through a small aperture left for the purpose. The domes which support the upper part of the pile are then let down, and at the same moment the combustible materials, with which the cellar it fitted, are set fire to.

Several of these melancholy and inconceivable instances of the strength and weakness of the human mind have happened during my residence here and in other places; but the one above described is the first I ever saw, which happened on the 26th of March last, close to my tent, where I am sorry to find I am likely to be an involuntary spectator of many more; being at the conflux of two rivers, a circumstance grateful to the prejudices of these people, in performing the purifications requisite to such acts, and their funeral rites.

This evening, about five, I was hastily called to be a spectator of the shocking ceremony of self-devotion, sometimes practised among the Bramin females on the death of their husbands.

Soon after I and my conductor had quitted the house, we were informed the *Suttee* (for that is the name given to the person who devotes herself) had passed, and her track was marked by the Goose and Beetle leaf, which she had scattered as she went along. She had reached the Moolah, which runs close under town, before we arrived; and having performed her last ablutions, was sitting at the water's edge. Over her head was held a punker; an attendant fanned her with a waving handkerchief; and she was surrounded by her relations, a few friends, and some chosen Bramins; the populace being kept aloof by the guard from government. In this situation, I learn from good authority, she distributed among the Bramins two thousand rupees, and the jewels with which she came decorated; reserving only, as is usual on these occasions, a small ornament in her nose, called *mootce* (perhaps from a pearl or two on it) and a bracelet of plain gold on

each wrist. From her posture, I could see only her hands; which, with the palms joined, rose about her head in an attitude of invocation. Quitting therefore this post, I removed to an eminence that gave me an opportunity of observing the construction of the funeral pile, and commanded the path-way, by which I understood, she would approach it.

The spot chosen for its erection was about forty paces from the river, and directly fronting the *Suttee*. When I came up, the frame only was fixed: it consisted of four uprights, each about ten feet high; they stood rather more than nine feet asunder lengthwise, and under six in breadth. Soon after, by ropes fastened near the top of the uprights, was suspended a roof of rafters; and on it again, heaped as many billets as it would bear. Beneath arose a pile of more substantial timbers, to the height of about four feet, which was covered over with dry straw and brushes of a fragrant and sacred shrub, called *testee*: the sides and one end being then filled up with the same materials, the other extremity was left open as an entrance. The melancholy bower completed, the lady got up and walked forward unsupported amidst her friends: she approached the door-way; and then, having paid certain devotions, retired a few yards aside, and was encircled as before. The dead body was brought from the bank (where it had hitherto remained, close to the place the *Suttee* lately sat on) was laid upon the pile, and with it several sweetmeats, and a paper bag containing either flour or dust of sandal. The widow arose, and walked three times slowly round the pile; then seating herself opposite the entrance, on a small square stone constantly used in such cases, on which two feet were rudely stretched, she received and returned the endearments of her companions with great serenity. This over, she again stood up; and having stroked her right hand, in the fondest manner, over the heads of a favoured few, gently inclining her person towards them, she let her arms fall round their necks in a faint embrace, and turned from them. Now with her hands indeed, upheld to heaven, but with her poor eyes cast in a glare of total abstraction deep into the den of anguish that awaited her, she stopped awhile a piteous statue! At length, without altering a feature, or the least agitation of her frame, she ascended the door-way unassisted; and, laying down beside her husband's corpse, gave herself, in the meridian of health and beauty, a victim to a barbarous and cruelly consecrated error of misguided faith. As soon as she entered, she was hid from view by bundles of straw, with which the aperture was closed up, and the actors in this tragic scene seemed to vie with each other who should be most forward in hurrying it to a conclusion. At once, some darkened the air with a cloud of *Godol*; some, darting their hatchets at the suspending cords, felled the laden roof, upon her; and others rushed eagerly forward to apply the fatal torch! Happily, in this moment of insufferable agony, when the mind must have lost her dominion, and the ear expected to be pierced by the unavailing cries of nature, the welcome din of the trumpet broke forth from every quarter.

When the conflagration took place, and not till then, it was fed for a time with large quan-

ties of *ghee*, thrown by the nearest aikin; but, except the *toofee* and straw before mentioned, no combustible whatever, that I either saw or could learn, was used in preparing the pile. It is said to be the custom, that as the *Suttee* ascends the pile, she is furnished with a light taper, to set fire to it herself; and my companion, who was a Bramin, asserted that in this instance it was the case: but I traced the whole progress of the ceremonies with so close and eager an attention, that I think I may safely contradict him.

As curiosity may be excited to know something of the subject of this terrible, though here not uncommon immolation, I have collected the particulars:

The Lady's name was *Toofseboy*, her husband's *Ragaboy Tauntée*. He was about thirty years old, and nephew to *Jonaboy Daddah*, a person of distinction in this place: a little girl about four years of age, the fruit of their union, survives them. *Toofseboy* was nineteen, her stature above the middle standard, her form elegant, and her features interesting and expressive; her eyes, in particular, large, bold, and commanding. At the solemn moment in which alone I saw her, these beauties were eminently conspicuous; notwithstanding her face was discoloured with *turmeric*, her hair dishevelled and wildly ornamented with flowers, and her looks, as they forcibly struck me throughout the ceremony, like those of one whose senses wandered; or, to come nearer the impression, whose soul was already fleeing, and in a state of half separation from the body.

The Dessert.

SATURDAY, MAY 11.

PETER THE GREAT.

Malignity, and that spirit of levelling the human character which but too often takes place in little and vicious minds, endeavoured to blast the memory of this honor to humanity with the stain of indulgence in spirituous liquors.

Mr. Bell, who made many enquiries respecting the truth of this aspersions upon so illustrious a character as that of *Czar*, tells us, that those persons who, by their officers about the person of *Peter the Great* might be supposed to be the best acquainted with his disposition, always disavowed his drinking to excess, and insisted on his being a sober Prince. "I can myself aver," adds this intelligent Traveller, "that during the campaign of the expedition to *Derbent*, in *Persia*, the *Czar* was not once guilty of the least excess, but rather lived abstemiously. *Peter* occasionally suffered his anger to prevail over his reason: in one of his paroxysms of fury he without cause struck the conductor of his gardens at *Peterhoff* over the back with his cane; the man, indignant at this violent treatment, which he was conscious he had not deserved, took to his bed, and died soon afterwards. During his illness *Peter* visited him, and made every apology in his power to his offended servant; but it was too late. On this, as on some other occasions of

too similar a kind, the *Czar* was heard with an afflicting sigh to exclaim, "I have civilized my nation, I have conquered other nations, yet I have not been able to humanize myself, or to subdue my passions."

This Prince was at *Paris* in 1717, and was treated with every mark of respect that so distinguished a character deserved.

The regent sent the royal carriages to take him to the capital and ordered that all his expences upon the road should be paid, and that he should be treated as King of France in every place through which he passed. On his arrival at *Paris*, he was introduced to the *Louvet*, where the Queen's apartment was fitted up for him. He said the apartment was too magnificent, and desired to be taken to a private room, and got immediately into his carriage. He was conducted to the *Hotel de Lesdigueres* near the arsenal, with which for the same reason he found equal fault; and seeing that it was in vain to remonstrate any more, he ordered a smith, who waited upon him in his suite, to get him a tent bed, and to put it up in a closet. A table was kept for him of forty covers a day, and he was continually attended by a detachment of the King's life guard.

However careless he might be of etiquette, there were certain occasions on which he was attentive to it. Whatever impatience on his arrival at *Paris* he shewed to go into and see the city, he would not quit his *Hotel* till the king had paid him the first visit.

This *Czar's* dress while he was at *Paris* was extremely simple; he wore a suit of plain cloth, a large belt to which hung a sabre, a round wig without powder, and a shirt without ruffles. He had ordered a new wig; the wig maker brought him one of those full-bottomed ones then in vogue. The *Czar* took it coolly up into one hand, and with the other, took a pair of scissors and cut it round. In no respect whatever could he bear the least restraint. When he was tired of the company that was with him, he either abruptly quitted the room, or dismissed them with a nod; and when his carriages were not ready at the moment he wanted them, he would get into the carriage of the first person that was waiting and take it to the place to which he wanted to go. On receiving the visit of the king (who was then a child) the *Czar* went out of his room to receive him, into it, and gave him the elbow chair; then took him in his arms, and conversed patiently with him by means of an interpreter. Matters of mere taste and pleasure affected the *Czar* very slightly; every thing that had an object of utility, whatever related to commerce, to trade, to the mechanical arts, arrested his attention. The Regent made him a present of some fine *Gobelin* tapestry, and a sword enriched with diamonds: he accepted the first, and refused the latter. He was much pleased when, being at the mint, he saw a coin struck before him, which he took up, and found his own portrait on one side of it, and on the other the figure of *Fame*, thus inscribed, "*Vires acquirit eundo*."

According to *Duclos*, from whom the preceding account is taken, he was much affected at quitting France, and said that he saw with grief that it was hastening to ruin itself by its luxury.



THE DEATH OF LAURA.

WINTER o'er all the dreary scene,
Had spread his hoary vest;
And dusky-mantled Cee had call'd,
The village nymphs to rest:

Save Laura—most afflicted maid
Of Sorrow's pensive train;
Her, the departed beams of day
Had warn'd to rest in vain.

Desponding, near a willow stretch'd,
O'erhanging Deva's wave,
Her thoughts were borne on frenzy's wings,
To Henry's wat'ry grave.

Her woe the Moon alone beheld,
Fair Regent of the night;
Then darting, mid the snow-clad boughs,
Her glimmering rays of light.

"Now, ye once smiling groves!" she cry'd,
"Divested of your bloom;
"Bemoan with me my Henry's fate,
"In sympathetic gloom!"

"Oft thro' you wild romantic maze,
"Mine eager feet have rovd;
"To gain this lonely dear retreat,
"And hail the youth I lov'd.

"Alas! the youth I lov'd, no more
"This dear retreat can share:—
"The haunt of joy whilst Henry liv'd,
"Now, that of dark despair.

"My humble lot hath been the source,
"Th' unhappy source of woe;
"For which this heart must ceaseless heave,
"These eyes must ceaseless flow.

"His fordid parent from mine arms,
"The gen'rous youth withdrew;
"And why?—all love his av'rice spurn'd,
"Where Fortune's gifts were few.

"To Libyan shores, paternal rage
"His offspring hence remov'd;
"Like him, with brutal hand to seize
"That liberty he lov'd.

"Ill could thy hands, my Henry, drag
"From huts they priz'd before,
"The forrowing Afric and his mate,
"To glad a servile shore:

"Thyself to faithful love a slave,
"With sanction'd force to part
"The lover from his lover's arms,
"Must wound thy gentle heart.

"O Servitude! thy galling scourge,
"We view with proud disdain;
"How can those men who freedom prize,
"Their fellow-men enchain?"

"Shall Christians, who in tenderness
"Should rival e'en the dove,
"In other ties the *guiltless* bind
"Than those of Christian love?"

"Yes, wretched Negroes! whom the fangs
"Of prowling Panthers spare,
"For you, enlighten'd Christians lay
"Their greedy blood-stain'd snare!"—

Here Laura paus'd; and, and as a cloud
Obscures the lamp of night,
A mania o'er her senses stole,
And darken'd reason's light.

From the cold bank, with feeble limbs,
The poor lymphatic rose,
And cried—"Ah! circling waters, now
"My Henry's corse enclose.

"Why of my love this bow'r bereave?
"No bow'r he valu'd more,
"Why tear from Laura's arms the youth,
"Her heart must e'er deplore?"

"Hush, hush! thou chilling wintry blast!
"His well known voice I hear!
"No more is life of bliss forlorn!
"My Henry, lo! is near.

"He calls! and now his manly shape
"Appears in yonder glade!"—
With haste she seeks that airy form,
Her frantic mind pourtray'd.

Awhile her wand'ring feet in vain,
The pathless maze explore;
Till with unguarded steps she falls
Adown the craggy shore.

Ill fated Maid! thy peerless limbs
Divide the pitying wave;
And now thy clay-cold relics seek,
In Deva's flood, their grave.

EXTENT OF LIFE'S VARIETY

JUST this little, and no more,
Is in ev'ry mortal's pow'r,
Each to say, I tasted breath,
But the cup was fraught with death.
I have sigh'd, have laugh'd, have wept.
Wak'd to think and thinking
Slept my wearied limbs to rest,
Wak'd with labour in my breast.
Met with sorrows, haply o'er,
Mix'd in pleasure, now no more.
Hop'd and fear'd, with equal sense,
Dup'd by many a slight pretence.
Soon shall my soul her veil throw by,
My body with its kindred lie.
Of this I'm certain, but the rest,
Is lock'd within a higher breast.

FRAGMENT.

FELICIA, OR INFANTINE

HAPPINESS OF LIFE.

HAPPY Girl! may the noon, and the even-
ing of thy life, be as blissful as its uncloud-
ed dawn. May the friend of thy youth, and
the man of thy choice, never give thy innocent
heart a more painful sensation, than the dol-
lous, predest to thy tender bosom; and may thy
sorrows, and sorrows, my lovely child, will
come, be as light and as easily dispelled as the
little cares that bedew in pearly drops thy rosy
cheeks, while dimples like the sunshine through
a summer shower, breaks through the transient
mists of grief, restoring serenity and joy—O
youth! sweet vernal season, when every object
delights the eye, and every sound is music to
the ears; blest time of gambol, sport and pas-
time, of unaffected laughter, of artless prattle,
of.—

(From *Walpoleana, or the Good Things of*)
HORACE WALPOLE.

HUME & BURNET.

I AM no admirer of Hume. In conversa-
tion he was very *thick*; and I do believe hardly
understood a subject till he had written upon it.
Burnet I like much. It is observable, that not
one of his facts have been controverted, ex-
cept his relation of the birth of the Pretender,
in which he was certainly mistaken—but his
very credulity is a proof of his honesty. Bur-
net's style and manner are very interesting. It
seems as if he had just come from the king's
closet, or from the apartments of the men
whom he describes, and was telling his reader,
in plain honest terms, what he had seen and
heard.